Vol. IV
of X

V FOR VENDETTA

By **Alan Moore**
and **David Lloyd**

DEC 88
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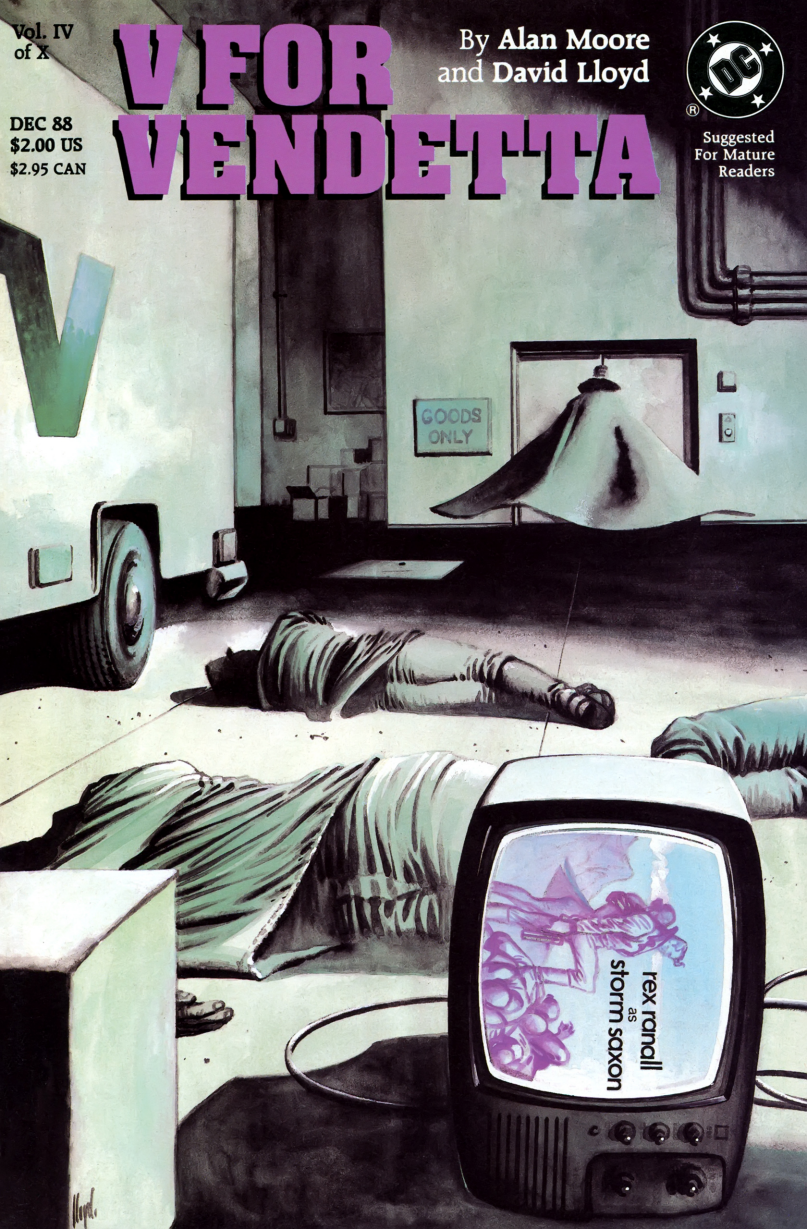
Suggested
For Mature
Readers



V FOR VENDETTA™

By **Alan Moore** and **David Lloyd**

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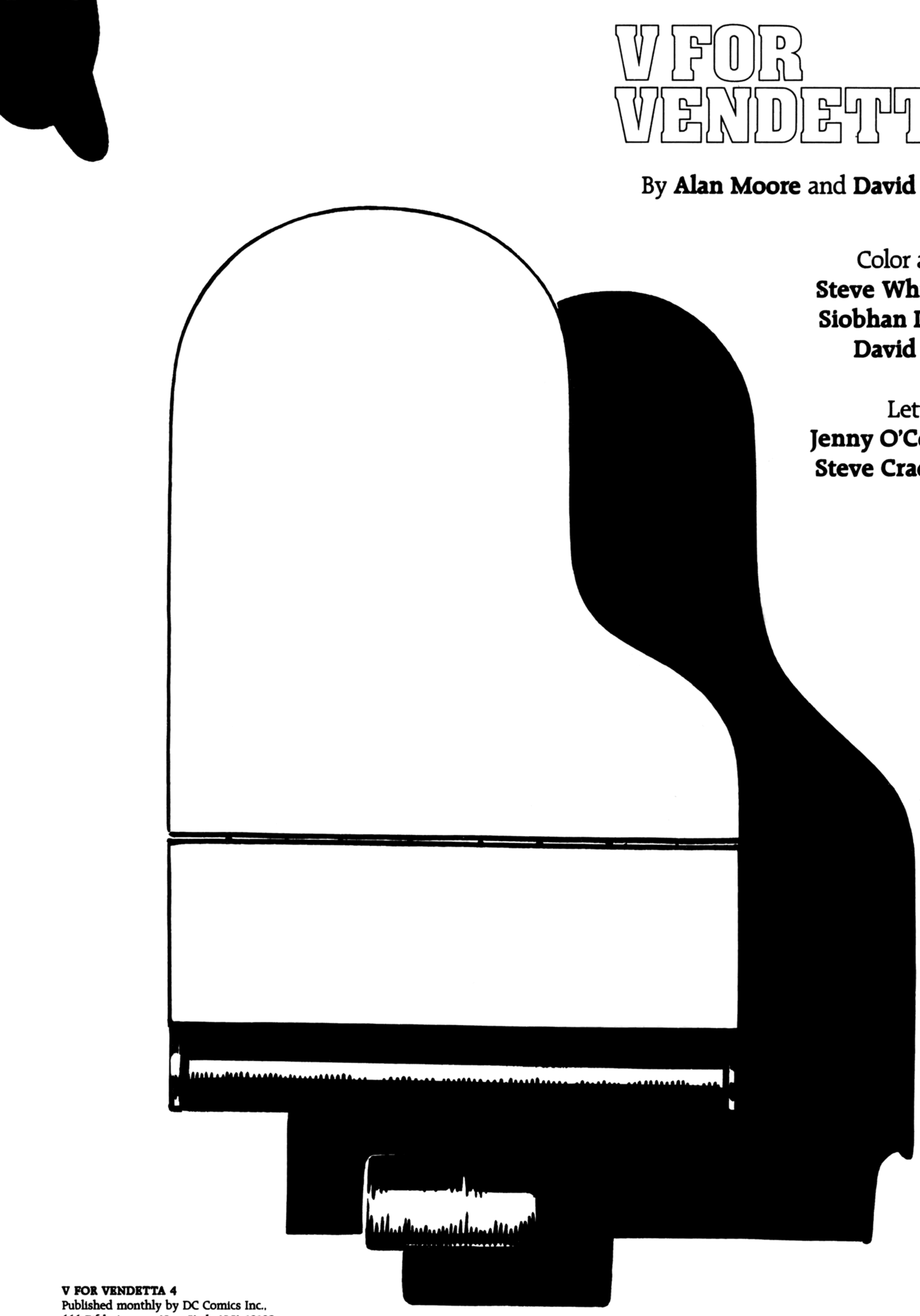

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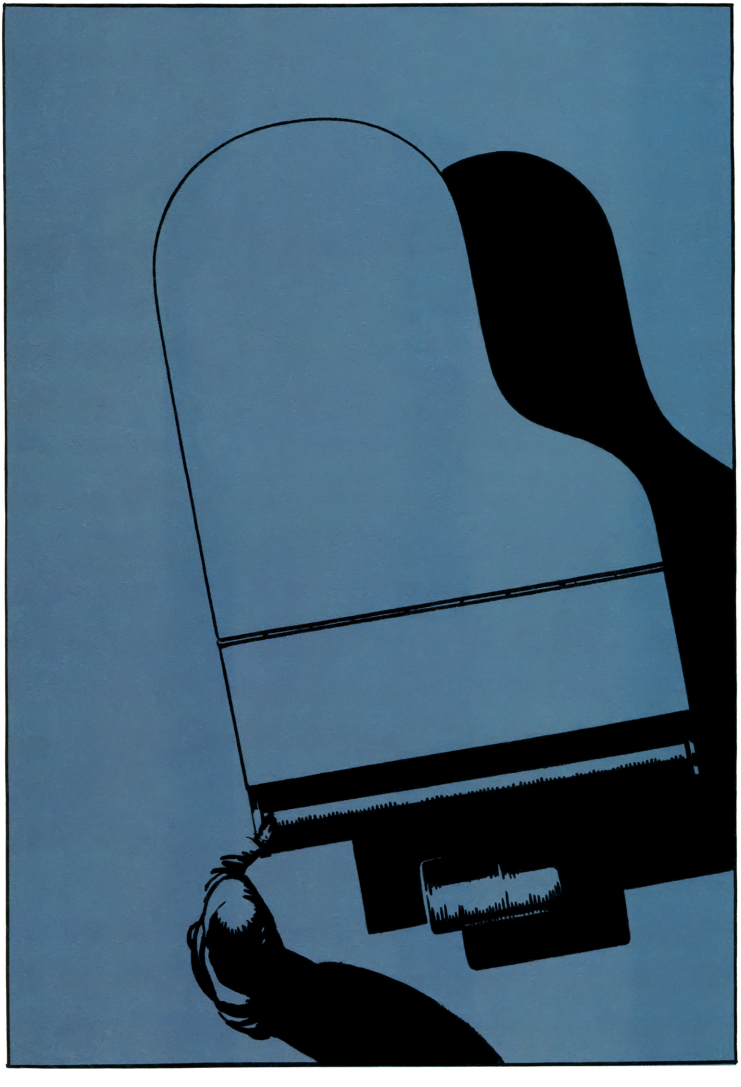
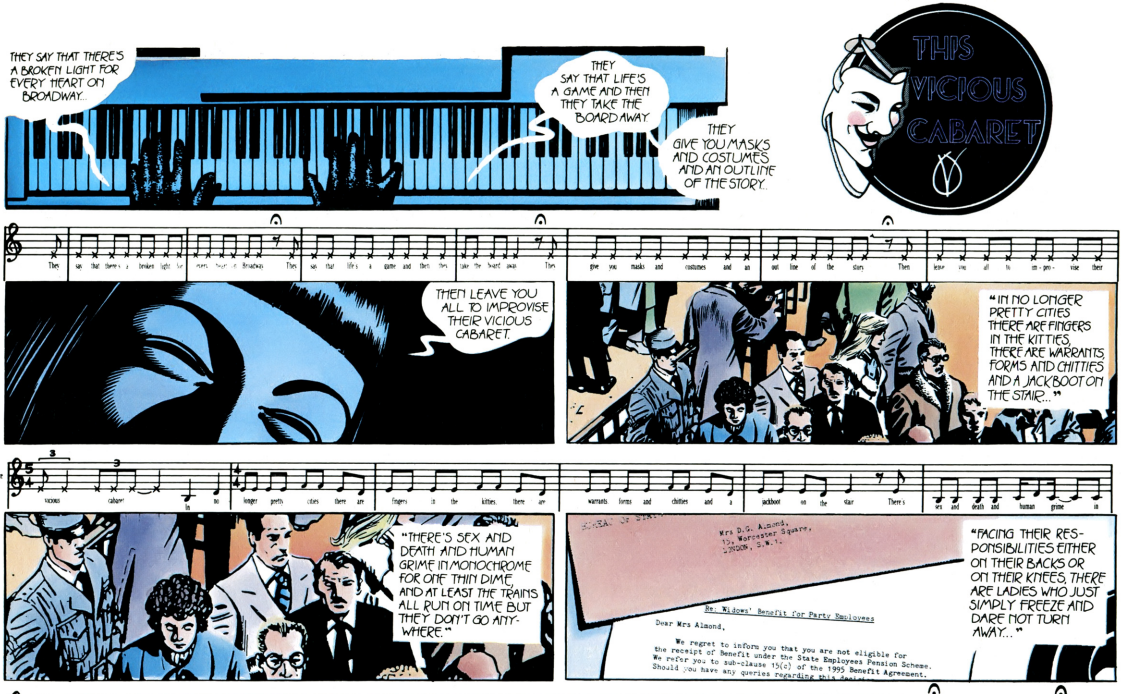
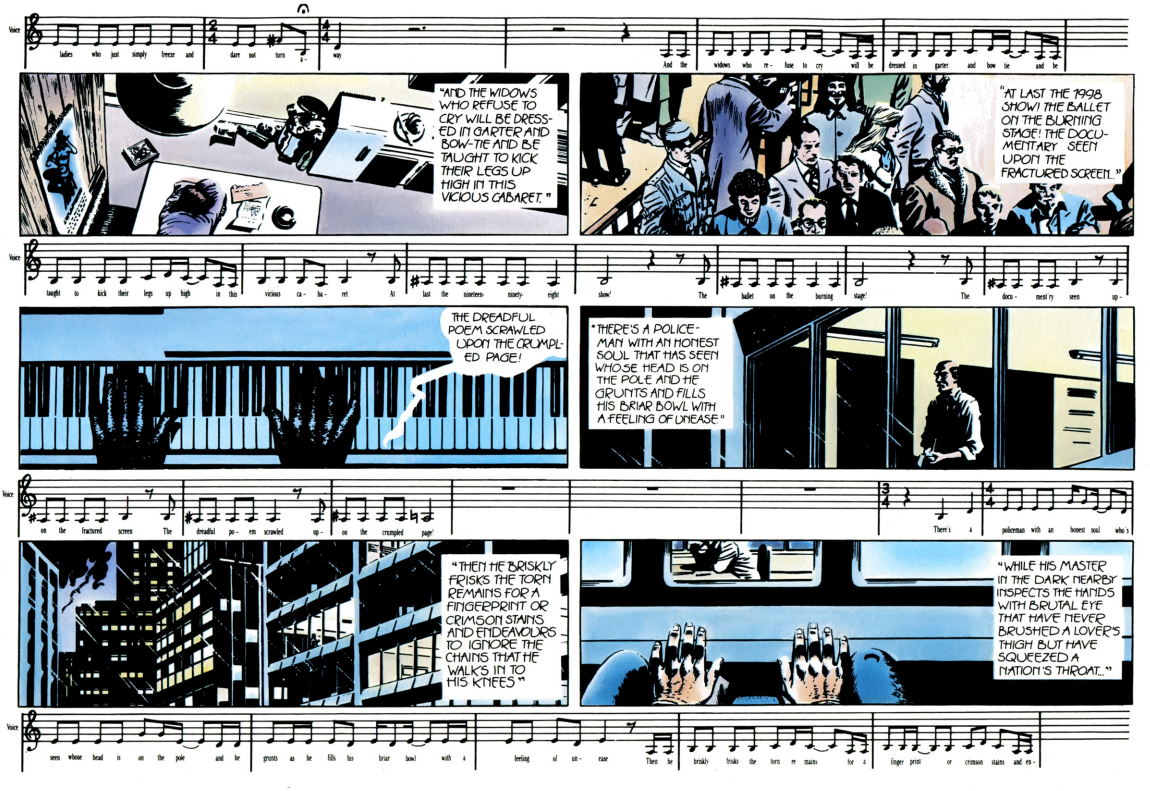



THEY SAY THAT THERE'S A BROKEN LIGHT FOR EVERY HEART ON BROADWAY...
THEY SAY THAT LIFE'S A GAME AND THEN THEY TAKE THE BOARD AWAY.
THEY GIVE YOU MASKS AND COSTUMES AND AN OUTLINE OF THE STORY.
THIS VICIOUS CABARET
Voice
Then we find there's a broken light for ever heart on Broadway. Then we find life's a game and then they take the board away. Then give you masks and costumes and an out line of the story. Then know you all is en-yo-ment there
THEN LEAVE YOU ALL TO IMPROVISE THEIR VICIOUS CABARET.
"IN NO LONGER PRETTY CITIES THERE ARE FINGERS IN THE KITTIES, THERE ARE WARRANTS FORMS AND CHITTIES AND A JACKBOOT ON THE STAIR..."
Voice
vicious cabaret In no longer pretty cities there are fingers in the kitties. there are warrants forms and chitties and a jackboot on the stair There's sex and death and human grime in
"THERE'S SEX AND DEATH AND HUMAN GRIME IN MONOCHROME FOR ONE THIN DIME, AND AT LEAST THE TRAINS ALL RUN ON TIME BUT THEY DON'T GO ANY-WHERE."
Mrs D.G. Almond,
12, Worcester Square,
LONDON, S.W.1.
Re. Widows' Benefit for Party Employees
Dear Mrs Almond,
We regret to inform you that you are not eligible for the receipt of Benefit under the State Employees Pension Scheme. We refer you to sub-clause 15(c) of the 1995 Benefit Agreement. Should you have any queries regarding this decision
"FACING THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES EITHER ON THEIR BACKS OR ON THEIR KNEES, THERE ARE LADIES WHO JUST SIMPLY FREEZE AND DARE NOT TURN AWAY..."
Voice
No no chance for ever then done And at least the trains all run on time but they don't go any- where Facing their re- spon- si- bil- i- ties either on their backs or on their knees. there are

Music© V Songs, 1983


Voice
ladies who just simply freeze and dare not turn a - way
And the widows who re - fuse to cry will be dressed in garter and bow tie and be
"AND THE WIDOWS WHO REFUSE TO CRY WILL BE DRESSED IN GARTER AND BOW-TIE AND BE TAUGHT TO KICK THEIR LEGS UP HIGH IN THIS VICIOUS CABARET."
"AT LAST THE 1998 SHOW! THE BALLET ON THE BURNING STAGE! THE DOCUMENTARY SEEN UPON THE FRACTURED SCREEN!"
taught to kick their legs up high in this vicious ca - ba - ret At last the nineteen- ninety- eight show! The ballet on the burning stage! The docu - mentry seen up -
THE DREADFUL POEM SCRAWLED UPON THE CRUMPLED PAGE!
"THERE'S A POLICE-MAN WITH AN HONEST SOUL THAT HAS SEEN WHOSE HEAD IS ON THE POLE AND HE GRUNTS AND FILLS HIS BRIAR BOWL WITH A FEELING OF UNEASE."
on the fractured screen The dreadful po - em scrawled up - on the crumpled page! There's a policeman with an honest soul who's
"THEN HE BRISKLY FRISKS THE TORN REMAINS FOR A FINGERPRINT OR CRIMSON STAINS AND ENDEAVOURS TO IGNORE THE CHAINS THAT HE WALK'S IN TO HIS KNEES."
"WHILE HIS MASTER IN THE DARK NEARBY INSPECTS THE HANDS WITH BRUTAL EYE THAT HAVE NEVER BRUSHED A LOVER'S THIGH BUT HAVE SQUEEZED A NATION'S THROAT..."
sees whose head is on the pole and he grunts as he fills his briar bowl with a feeling of un - ease Then he briskly frisks the torn re mains for a finger print or crimson stains and en -

Voice

drawers to ig- nore the chains that he walks in to his knees While his master in the dark near by in-

spects the hands with brutal eye that have never brushed a lover's thigh but have

"AND THE HUNGERS IN HIS SECRET DREAMS FOR THE HARSH EMBRACE OF CRUEL MACHINES. BUT HIS LOVER IS NOT WHAT SHE SEEMS AND SHE WILL NOT LEAVE A NOTE."

"AT LAST THE 1998 SHOW! THE SITUATION TRAGEDY! GRAND OPERA SLICK WITH SOAP! CLIFF-HANGERS WITH NO HOPE!"

Voice

squeezed a nation's throat And he hungers in his secret dreams for the harsh em brace of cruel machines But his lover is not what she seems and she

"THE WATER-COLOUR IN THE FLOODED GALLERY."

Voice

will not leave a note At last the nineteen ninety- eight show! The sit - u - a - tion trag - edy! Grand opera slick with soap! Cliff- hangers with no hope! The water- colour in the

"THERE'S A GIRL WHO'LL PUSH BUT WILL NOT SHOVE AND SHE'S DESPERATE FOR HER FATHER'S LOVE. SHE BELIEVES THE HAND BENEATH THE GLOVE MAY BE ONE SHE NEEDS TO HOLD."

"THOUGH SHE DOUBTS HER HOST'S MORALITIES SHE DECIDES THAT SHE IS MORE AT EASE IN THE LAND OF DOING-AS-YOU-PLEASE, THAN OUTSIDE IN THE COLD."

Voice

flooded gall- e - ry There's a girl who'll push but will not shove and she's desp rate for her father's love She be-

Voice

loves the hand be- neath the glove may be one she needs to hold Though she doubts her host's mo- ral i- ties she de- cides that she is more at ease in the land of things as you please than outside in the cold But the

BUT THE BACKDROPS PEEL AND THE SETS GIVE WAY AND THE CAST GET EATEN BY THE PLAY. THERE'S A MURDERER AT THE MATINEE THERE ARE DEAD MEN IN THE AISLES.

AND THE PATRONS AND THE ACTORS TOO ARE UNCERTAIN IF THE SHOW IS THROUGH, AND WITH SIDELONG LOOKS AWAIT THEIR CUE...

...BUT THE FROZEN MASK JUST SMILES.

Voice

backdrops peel and the sets give way and the cast get eaten by the play there's a murderer at the mat- i- nee. there are dead men in the aisles

"AT LAST THE 1998 SHOW! THE TORCH-SONG NO-ONE EVER SINGS! THE CURFEW CHORUS LINE! THE COMEDY DIVINE!"

"THE BULGING EYES OF PUPPETS, STRANGLED BY THEIR STRINGS!"

Voice

And the patrons and the actors too are un- certain if the show is through, and with sidelong looks a- wait their cue but the frozen mask just smiles As but the murderer ninety- eight

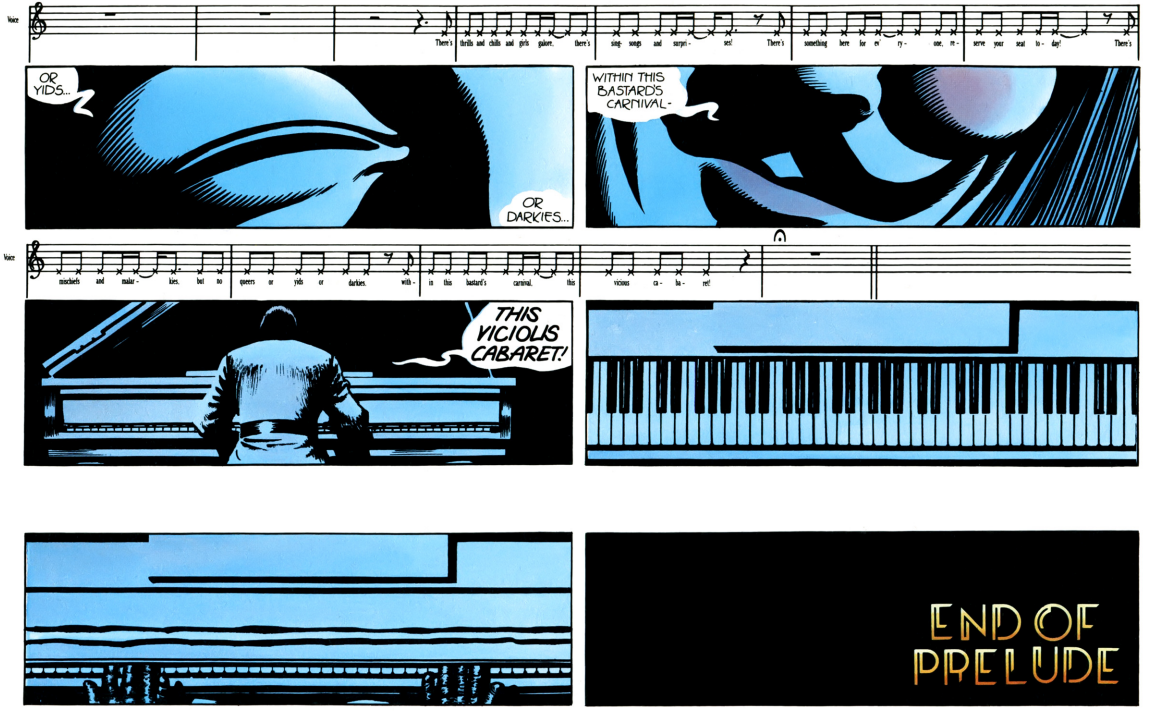
THERE'S THRILLS AND CHILLS AND GIRLS GALORE, THERE'S SING-SONGS AND SURPRISES! THERE'S SOMETHING HERE FOR EVERYONE, RESERVE YOUR SEAT TODAY!

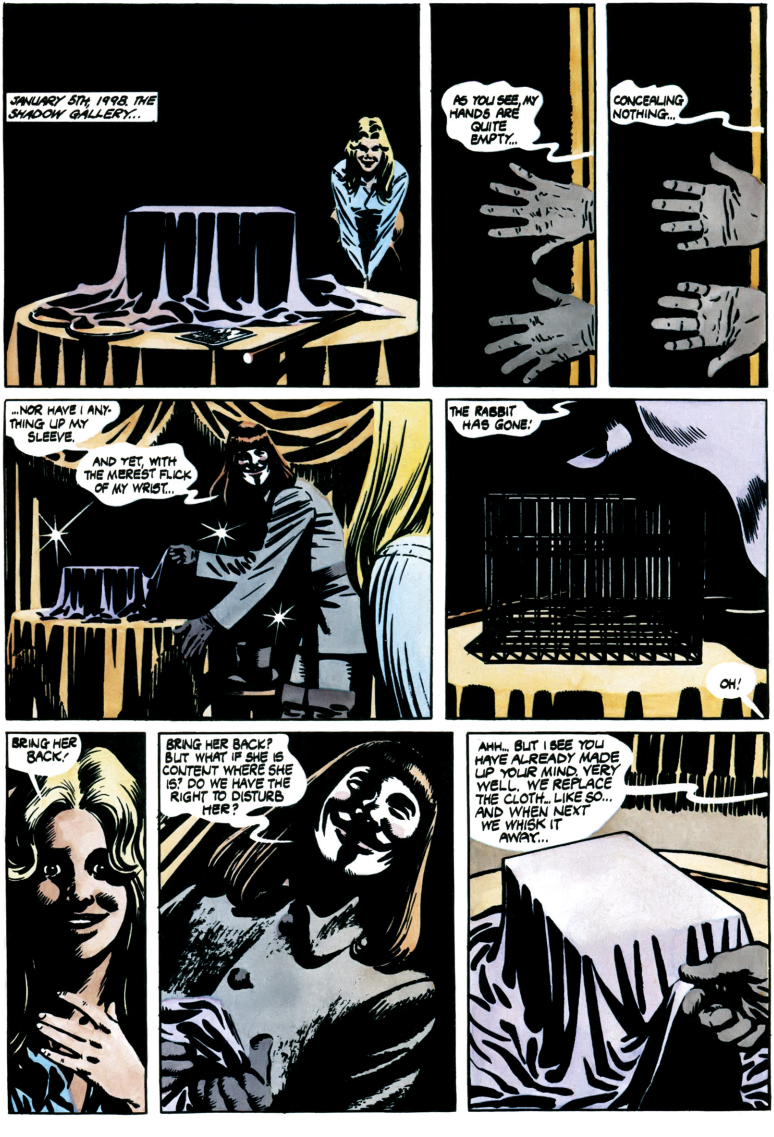
THERE'S MISCHIEFS AND MALARKIES...

BUT NO QUEERS..

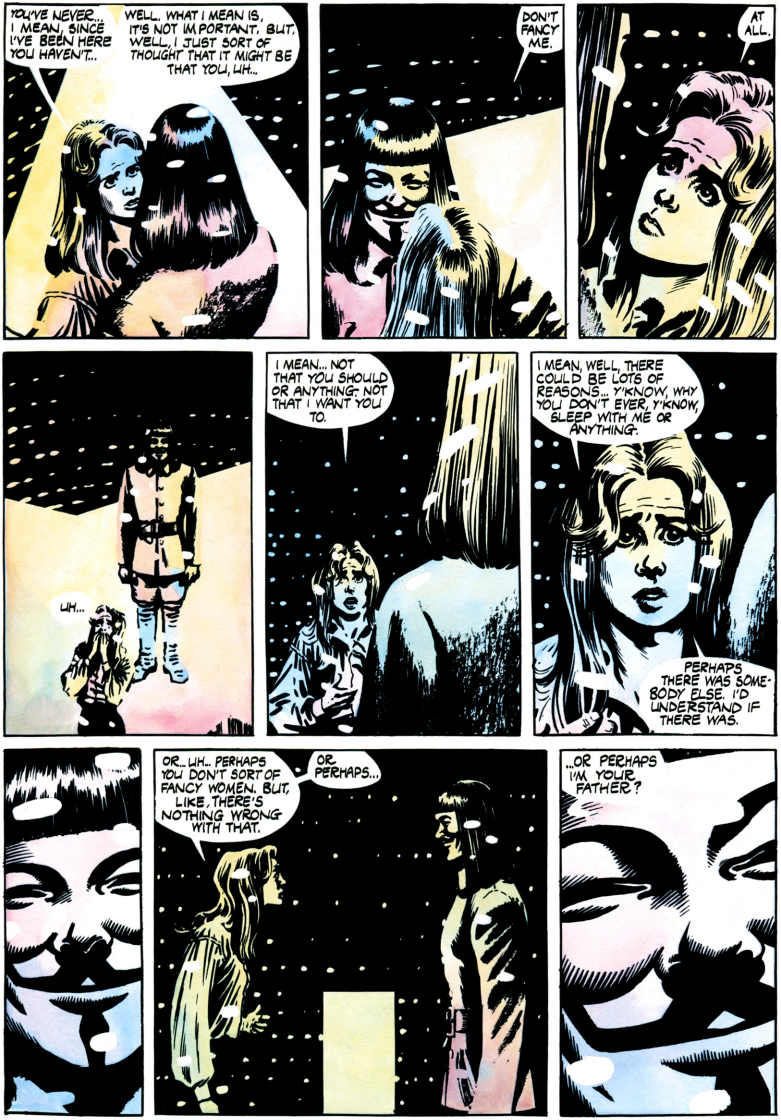
Voice

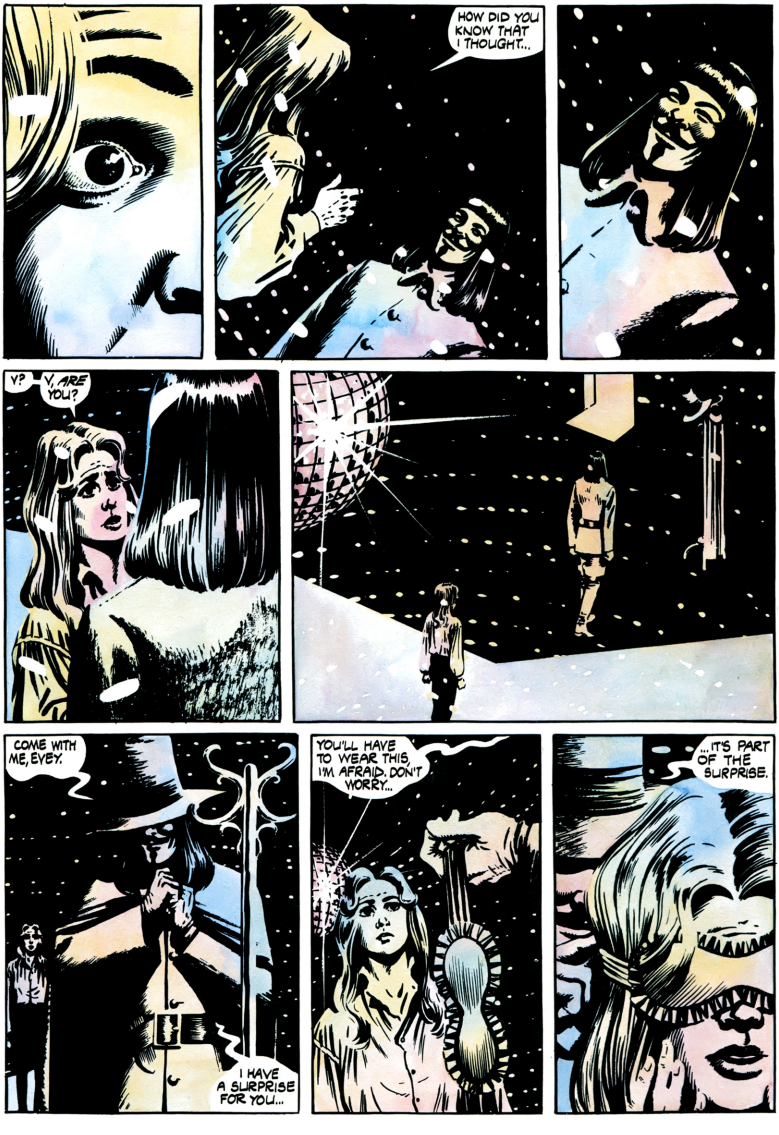
show! The torch song no one ever sings! The curfew chorus line! The comedy di- vine! The bulging eyes of puppets strangled by their strings!


Voice
There's thrills and chills and girls galore... there's sing- songs and sexpri- ses! There's something here for ev' ry- one, re- serve your seat to- day! There's
OR YIDS...
OR DARKIES...
WITHIN THIS BASTARD'S CARNIVAL-
Voice
mischiefs and malar- kies, but no queers or yids or darkies. with- in this bastard's carnival. this vicious ca- ba- ret!
THIS VICIOUS CABARET!
END OF PRELUDE


JANUARY 5TH, 1998. THE SHADOW GALLERY...
AS YOU SEE, MY HANDS ARE QUITE EMPTY...
CONCEALING NOTHING...
...NOR HAVE I ANYTHING UP MY SLEEVE.
AND YET, WITH THE MEREST FLICK OF MY WRIST...
THE RABBIT HAS GONE!
OH!
BRING HER BACK.
BRING HER BACK? BUT WHAT IF SHE IS CONTENT WHERE SHE IS? DO WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO DISTURB HER?
AHH... BUT I SEE YOU HAVE ALREADY MADE UP YOUR MIND. VERY WELL... WE REPLACE THE CLOTH... LIKE SO... AND WHEN, NEXT WE WHISK IT AWAY...

PRESTO!
THE RABBIT HAS RE-TURNED!
BUT NOW HER HOME HAS GONE.
BOOK 2
THIS VICIOUS CABARET
CHAPTER 1
THE VANISHING
LATER...
Y...
YES?


YOU'VE NEVER.. I MEAN, SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE YOU HAVEN'T..
WELL.. WHAT I MEAN IS, IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. BUT, WELL, I JUST SORT OF THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT BE THAT YOU, UH...
DON'T FANCY ME.
AT ALL.
UH...
I MEAN... NOT THAT YOU SHOULD OR ANYTHING. NOT THAT I WANT YOU TO.
I MEAN, WELL, THERE COULD BE LOTS OF REASONS... Y'KNOW, WHY YOU DON'T EVER, Y'KNOW, SLEEP WITH ME OR ANYTHING.
PERHAPS THERE WAS SOMEBODY ELSE. I'D UNDERSTAND IF THERE WAS.
OR.. UH.. PERHAPS YOU DON'T SORT OF FANCY WOMEN. BUT, LIKE, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT.
OR, PERHAPS...
..OR PERHAPS I'M YOUR FATHER?


HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT I THOUGHT...
V?
V, ARE YOU?
COME WITH ME, EVEY.
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU...
YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THIS, I'M AFRAID. DON'T WORRY...
...IT'S PART OF THE SURPRISE.

THIS WAY...
V... WHERE ARE WE GOING? IT FEELS COLDER...
HUSH. EVEY. AND LISTEN...
LISTEN TO WHAT?
IT'S JUST THAT I KEEP THINKING I SHOULD TRY TO HELP YOU, THE WAY YOU'RE HELPING ME, THAT'S THE DEAL, ISN'T IT?
NO DEALS, EVEY. NOT UNLESS YOU WANT THEM.
THAT'S ME.
THAT'S WHAT I SAID TO YOU WHEN...
V.? WHERE ARE WE?
CAN WE MAKE A DEAL?
YES, I THINK WE CAN MAKE A DEAL.
V, THIS IS CREEPY. I DON'T LIKE IT.
I WON'T DO ANY MORE KILLING, V...
NOT EVEN FOR YOU. NOT EVER AGAIN.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. THIS IS STUPID AND I'M COLD. I'M TAKING...
OH.

V... WHERE ARE WE? WHAT IF SOMEONE SEES US...
V, I DON'T LIKE THIS. LET'S GO BACK INSIDE.

"WE CAN'T."

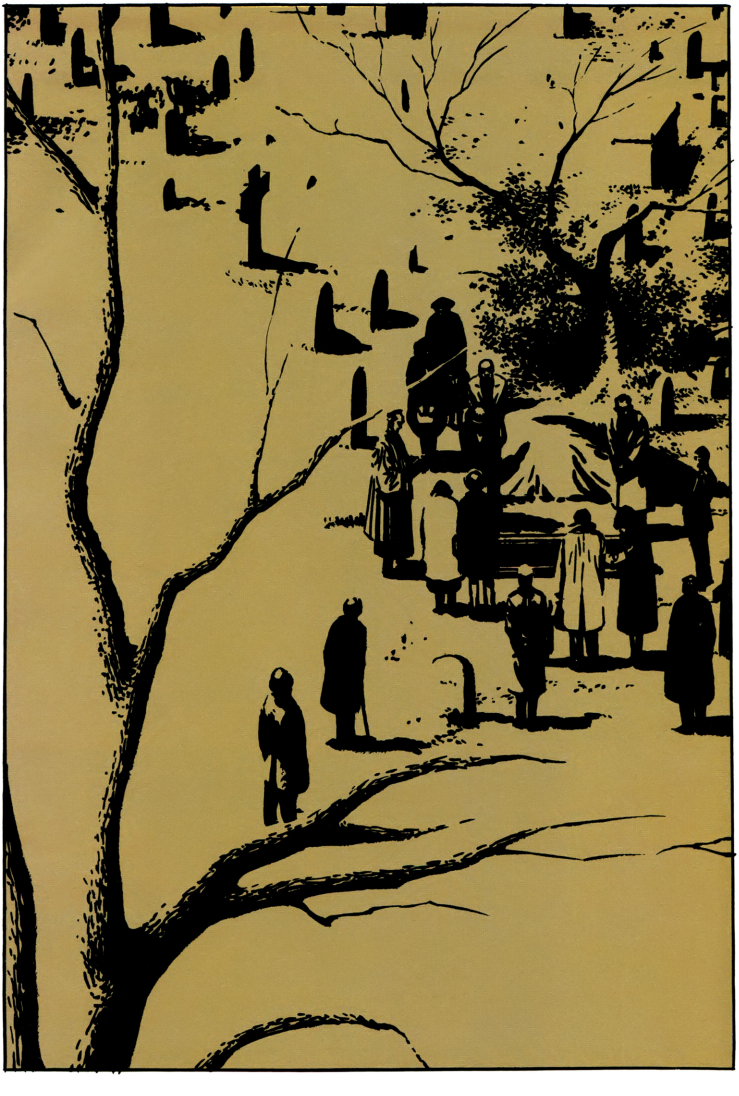
...SAID SILKY, SUDDENLY LOOKING SAD. "WHY NOT? WHY NOT?" CRIED JO IN SURPRISE. "ISN'T THIS THE LAND OF DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE?"

"YES," SAID SILKY. "BUT IT'S TIME WE WENT BACK TO THE FARAWAY TREE. THIS LAND WILL SOON BE MOVING ON, AND NICE AS IT IS, WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE HERE FOREVER."
V...

"GRACIOUS NO," SAID JO. "OLIE, MOTHERS AND FATHERS COULDN'T POSSIBLY DO WITHOUT US."
V, STOP IT!

I'M NOT YOUR FATHER, EVEY.

YOUR FATHER IS DEAD.
V, THIS ISN'T FUNNY. THIS IS HORRIBLE!
I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME HOME.
I WANT...
Y?



YOU'VE GONE, DEREK. I NEVER LIKED YOU. I WAS AFRAID OF YOU. I LOVED YOU.
YOU'VE GONE BEYOND THE VEIL..

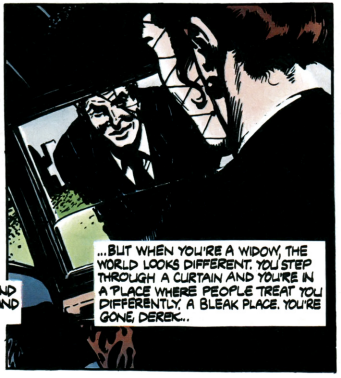
ME TOO.
CHAPTER 2
THE VEIL

THEY WERE ALL THERE, AT THE FUNERAL. THEY DIDN'T LIKE YOU EITHER, DID THEY? I NEVER REALISED THAT BEFORE.
HELEN HEYER BARELY SPOKE TO ME, SHE LOOKED AFRAID, AS IF BEREAVEMENT WAS CATCHING.

ROGER DASCOMBE WAS THERE. HE ASKED HOW I WAS COPING WITH THE BILLS.
HE WAS VERY FRIENDLY TOWARDS ME.

WHEN I LEFT HE SHOOK MY HAND AND TOLD ME TO RING HIM IF I NEEDED ANYTHING.
SMILED, JUST BRIEFLY, AS HE SAID IT.

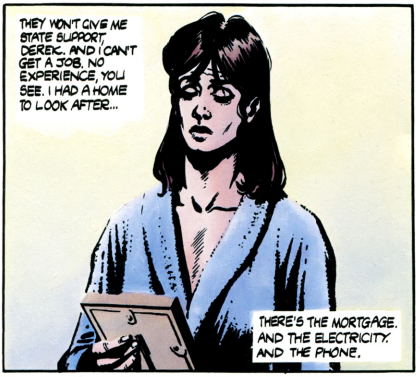
HELD MY HAND TOO LONG.
IT WAS AN OFFER, DEREK, AND YES, HE MAKES ME SICK, AND YES, I HATE HIM...

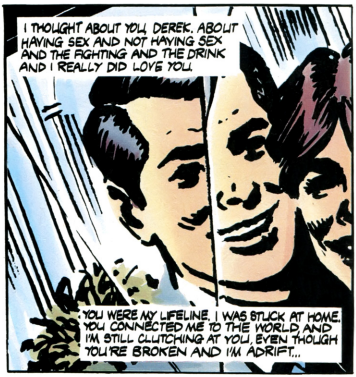

...BUT WHEN YOU'RE A WIDOW, THE WORLD LOOKS DIFFERENT. YOU STEP THROUGH A CURTAIN AND YOU'RE IN A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE TREAT YOU DIFFERENTLY, A BLEAK PLACE. YOU'RE GONE, DEREK...

AND I'M ALONE.

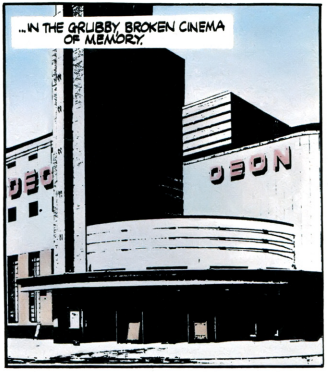
...AND DEREK, WHERE I AM, IT'S COLD AND IT'S DARK AND IT'S FRIGHTENING.
AND THIS WORLD IS SO DANGEROUS.
YOU'RE NAKED IN THE RAIN. EVERYTHING'S BEEN TAKEN AWAY... ALL THE SECURITY AND THE WARMTH AND THE SHELTER...
...AND YOU'LL TRY ANY REFUGE.
ANY REFUGE AT ALL.
YOU SEE, YOU'RE LOST. ALL THE WORLD YOU UNDERSTOOD HAS GONE AND EVERYWHERE LOOKS SINISTER AND DIFFERENT.
YOU'RE FUMBLING IN THE DARK...
...AND THEN YOU MAKE CONTACT. CONTACT OF A SORT.

...AND IT MIGHT NOT BE PLEASANT, AND YOU MIGHT BE REPULSED AND DRAW BACK FROM IT, NO, NOT THAT, ANYTHING BUT THAT...
...BUT REALLY, WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GO? WHAT OTHER CHOICES DO YOU HAVE?
EXCEPT CARRYING ON. DOWN INTO THE DARK.
ALONE.
COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY ALONE.
DASCOMBE RANG EARLIER. HE SUGGESTED A MEAL AND A DRINK, TO CHEER ME UP.
I SAID NO. HE SAID TO RING HIM IF I CHANGED MY MIND.


THEY WON'T GIVE ME STATE SUPPORT, DEREK. AND I CAN'T GET A JOB. NO EXPERIENCE, YOU SEE. I HAD A HOME TO LOOK AFTER...
THERE'S THE MORTGAGE. AND THE ELECTRICITY. AND THE PHONE.

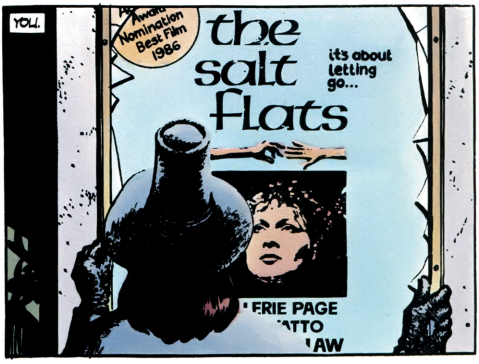

I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU, DEREK. ABOUT HAVING SEX AND NOT HAVING SEX AND THE FIGHTING AND THE DRINK AND I REALLY DID LOVE YOU.
YOU WERE MY LIFELINE. I WAS STUCK AT HOME. YOU CONNECTED ME TO THE WORLD AND I'M STILL CLUTCHING AT YOU, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE BROKEN AND I'M ADRIFT...

AND THE SAME PICTURES PLAY OVER AND OVER.
AND I'M, IN THE BACK ROW, WATCHING THEM...


...IN THE GRUBBY BROKEN CINEMA OF MEMORY.
ODEON

I'LL GO BACK INTO THE CORNERS OF THE PAST, EVEN THE SHADOWY, SORDID CORNERS...
JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE THERE THEN.

I'M TRYING TO HANG ON. HANG ON TO SOMETHING EVEN THOUGH I KNOW IT'S GONE. EVEN THOUGH I KNOW YOU AREN'T THERE ANYMORE.


YOU.
Academy Award Nomination Best Film 1986
the salt flats
it's about letting go...

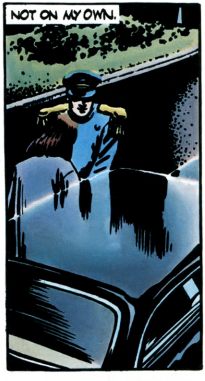
THE LOVED ONE.
YOU'RE GONE.
NOTHING WILL CHANGE THAT.
ALL I CAN DO IS PACK AWAY ALL THE THINGS I REMEMBER, PUT THEM IN A DRAWER WITH ALL OTHER USELESS SOUVENIRS...
AND JUST CARRY ON.
YOU'VE GOT TO CARRY ON.
WE'VE ALL GOT TO JUST CARRY ON. THAT'S HOW WE SURVIVE.
THAT'S OUR PURPOSE.

OUR PURPOSE IS TO SURVIVE.
ROSEMARY?

WHATEVER THAT TAKES.
ARE YOU READY FOR A TAXI? I THOUGHT COFFEE AT MY PLACE..

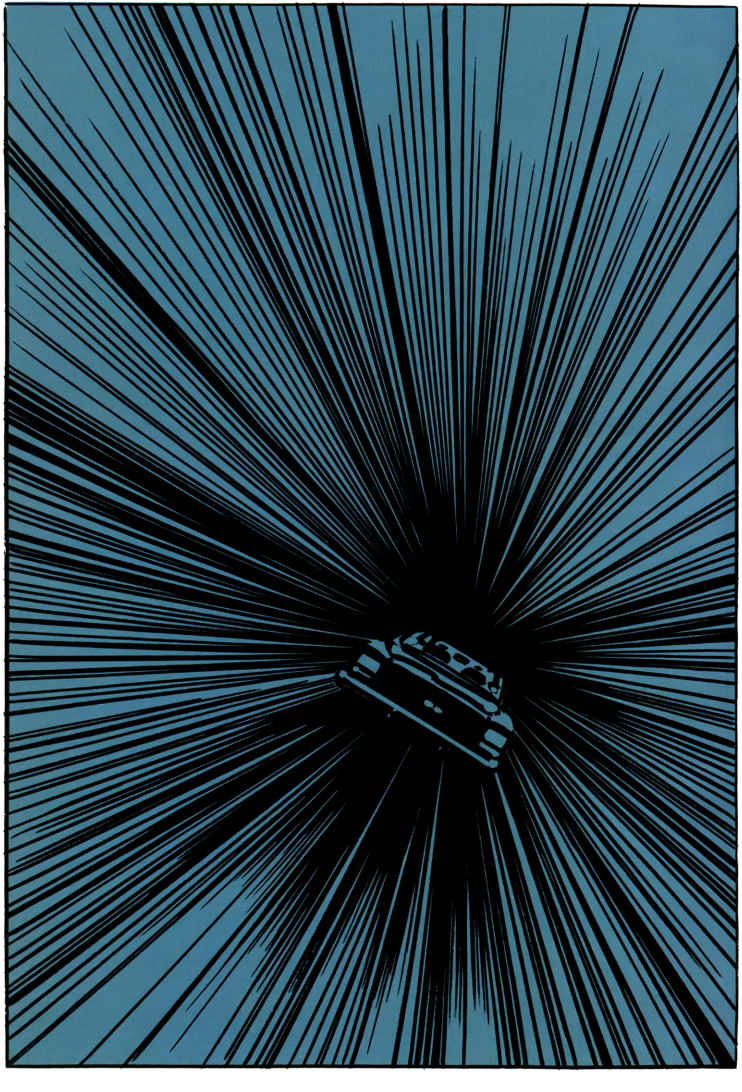
HE REVOLTS ME.HE MAKES ME FEEL DIRTY. AND I KNOW HE'S ONLY DOING THIS TO GET AT YOU,EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE DEAD NOW.
BUT HE'S THERE, DEREK.

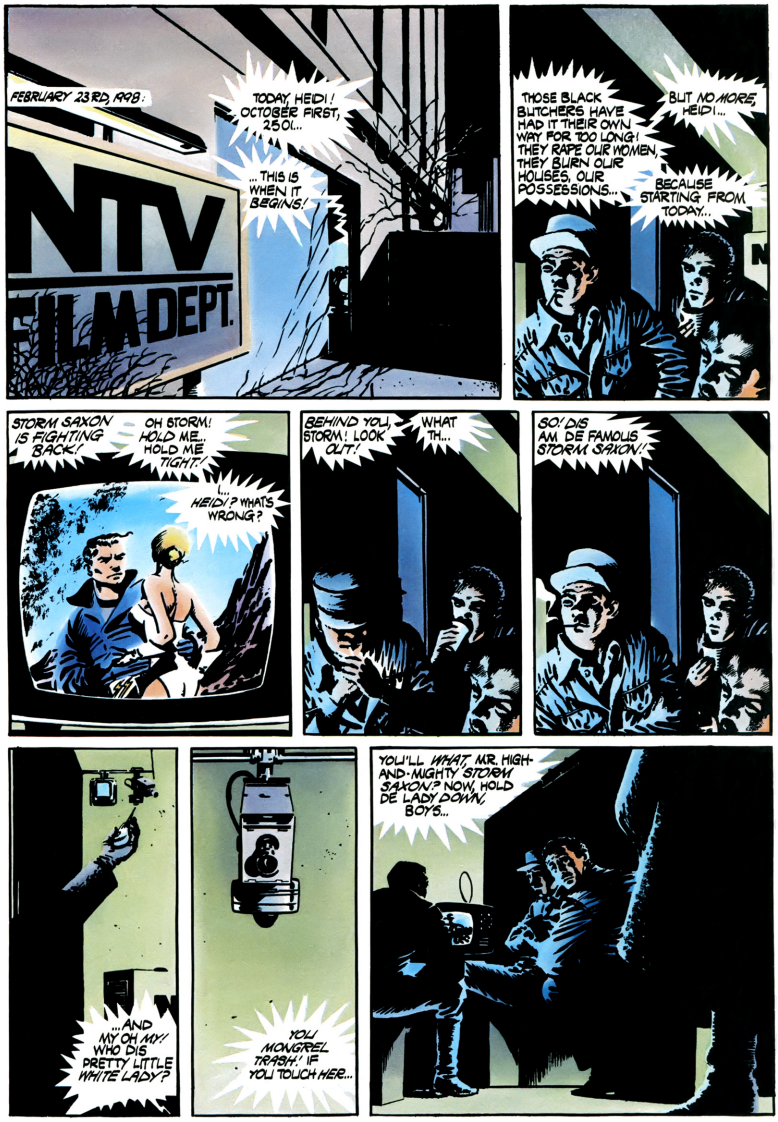
I CAN'T FACE GOING INTO THE DARK.


NOT ON MY OWN.

I MADE MY DECISION, DEREK. I RANG HIM AFTER TEA...
...AND THE VEIL SWUNG SHUT BEHIND ME.
OH GOD.

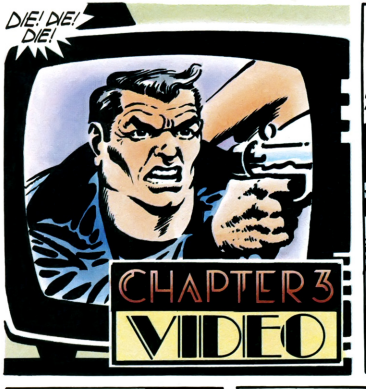
OH GOD.




FEBRUARY 23RD, 1998:
NTV
FILM DEPT.
TODAY, HEIDI! OCTOBER FIRST, 2501...
...THIS IS WHEN IT BEGINS!
THOSE BLACK BUTCHERS HAVE HAD IT THEIR OWN WAY FOR TOO LONG! THEY RAPE OUR WOMEN, THEY BURN OUR HOUSES, OUR POSSESSIONS...
BUT NO MORE, HEIDI...
BECAUSE STARTING FROM TODAY...
STORM SAXON IS FIGHTING BACK!
OH STORM! HOLD ME.. HOLD ME TIGHT!
...HEIDI? WHAT'S WRONG?
BEHIND YOU, STORM! LOOK OUT!
WHAT TH...
SO! DIS AM DE FAMOUS STORM SAXON!
...AND MY OH MY! WHO DIS PRETTY LITTLE WHITE LADY?
YOU MONGREL TRASH! IF YOU TOUCH HER...
YOU'LL WHAT, MR. HIGH-AND-MIGHTY STORM SAXON? NOW, HOLD DE LADY DOWN, BOYS...

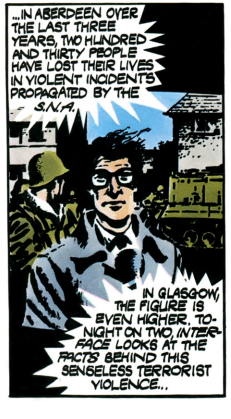
LEROY!! LOOK OUT!! DE WHITE DEBIL GOT HIM A LASER-LUGER!!

DIE, YOU BLACK CANNIBAL FILTH!!


DIE! DIE! DIE!
CHAPTER 3
VIDEO

...AND YOU CAN VISIT THE NIGHTMARISH FUTURE ENGLAND OF STORM SAXON AGAIN AT FIVE PAST EIGHT NEXT TUESDAY ON N.T.V. ONE.

...BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S TROUBLE FOR SID AND BRENDA WHEN A NEIGHBOUR ACCUSES THEM OF FOOD HOARDING.
THAT'S "YOU HAVE TO LAUGH," COMING NEXT HERE ON ONE.


...IN ABERDEEN OVER THE LAST THREE YEARS, TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN VIOLENT INCIDENTS PROPAGATED BY THE S.N.P.
IN GLASGOW, THE FIGURE IS EVEN HIGHER. TONIGHT ON TWO, INTERFACE LOOKS AT THE FACTS BEHIND THIS SENSELESS TERRORIST VIOLENCE...

I WAS IN IRELAND THIS IS WORSE. MUCH, MUCH WORSE...
BRENDA, ARE THESE YOUR KNOCKERS?
...KIDS OF TEN WITH GRENADES...
MY WHAT?

THE WOMEN, THEY SPIT AT YOU...
YOUR KNOCKERS! YOUR DOORKNOCKERS, THE BRASS ONES YOUR MOTHER GAVE YOU!
...SPRING LOADED WITH SPIKES, IN A CAR BOOT..
OO-ER! I WONDERED WHAT YOU MEANT!

...IRN BRU BOTTLE FULLA PETROL, BIT O' RAG...
STUDIO 11
HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA
HERE IN EASTERHOUSE, WELL.., VIOLENCE IS ON ITS WAY UP...
SID, MR GLOVER AT THE MUNITIONS PLANT WANTS ME TO WORK LATE WITH HIM TOMORROW, TO CATCH UP ON MY QUOTA...
HE SAYS I'VE GOT A LITTLE BEHIND/
HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA!
I MEAN, MY MATE...
STANDING BESIDE THIS OLD BARACEN HE WAS, SEE...
GOT A BULLET RIGHT IN 'IS EYE...
YOU WHAT?
ANYWAY, IF I SHOW HIM I'M WILLING TO GET STUCK IN, I THINK HE MIGHT TRY ME IN A MORE AD-VANCED POSITION/
PROMOTION, SID! I THINK. HE'S GOT 'IS EYE ON ME/
ONLY THE OTHER DAY HE SAID I HAD BIG THINGS IN FRONT OF ME/

YES, I BET 'E DID!
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA!

...M-16S, PLINGEE STICKS, WHITE PHOSPHORUS, FRAG-BOMBS WITH PLASTIC SPLINTERS THAT DON'T SHOW UP UNDER X-RAY...
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA!

HAHAHA HAHAHA HAHA!

IT ISN'T A PRETTY PICTURE, IS IT? HOWEVER, SLOWLY AND SURELY, THE S.N.A. ARE BEING DRIVEN FURTHER NORTH...

...AND HOPEFULLY, BY THE TARGET DATE OF THE YEAR 2000, THE UNITED KINGDOM WILL STAND ONCE MORE UNITED.
Test 29

WELL, NEXT WEEK INTERFACE LOOKS AT SOME SATELLITE PICTURES OF THE SOVIET WHEAT CROP FAILURE, AND ASKS: IS RUSSIA FACING ANOTHER REVOLUTION?

...UNTIL THEN, GOOD-NIGHT.
HE AIR
OOH, SID! GEROFF!

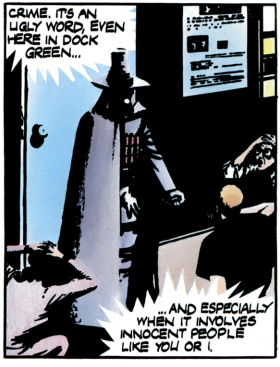
WHAT IF SOMEBODY COMES IN?
FIRE!

I MEAN, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE JOB...
THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY!
SID.!!

HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA!
FIRE

..AND NOW ON TWO IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE OF PACE...

AS WE GO OVER TO DOCK GREEN FOR ANOTHER EPISODE OF THE CLASSIC POLICE SERIES STARRING JACK WARNER.
EVENIN', ALL.


CRIME. IT'S AN UGLY WORD, EVEN HERE IN DOCK GREEN...
...AND ESPECIALLY WHEN IT INVOLVES INNOCENT PEOPLE LIKE YOU OR I.

TONIGHT I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF HARRY BISHOP WHO FOUND OUT JUST HOW UGLY CRIME CAN BE...
THE HARD WAY!

IT ALL BEGAN WITH SOMETHING MY SON-IN-LAW, ANDY, SAID TO ME OVER DINNER...
GET 'EM OFF!
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR.. GLOVER?

YOUR SHOPPING BAGS! GET 'EM OFF MY DESK!
GEORGE, I'M WORRIED ABOUT LAUDER-DALE...
OLD LORDY? WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANDY?

I DUNNO, GEORGE ... HE'S, WELL..., DIFFERENT.
OH DEAR, MR. GLOVER, I! NOW MY MELONS ARE FALLING OUT!

HA!!
"PICTURE'S GONE..."
"SEE TO IT, FATHER."
"BLOODY PICTURE'S GONE.."
"DAD! TELLY'S PACKED UP!"
"IS IT THE AERIAL?"
"MUM? THE TELLY.."
"...PAY YOUR BLOODY LICENCE MONEY FOR?"
"WAIT A MINUTE.."
"THAT'S A BIT BETTER.. HOLD IT THERE.."
"AHHH.."
GOOD EVENING, LONDON.
I THOUGHT IT TIME WE HAD A LITTLE TALK.
VTV
ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY?
THEN I'LL BEGIN...

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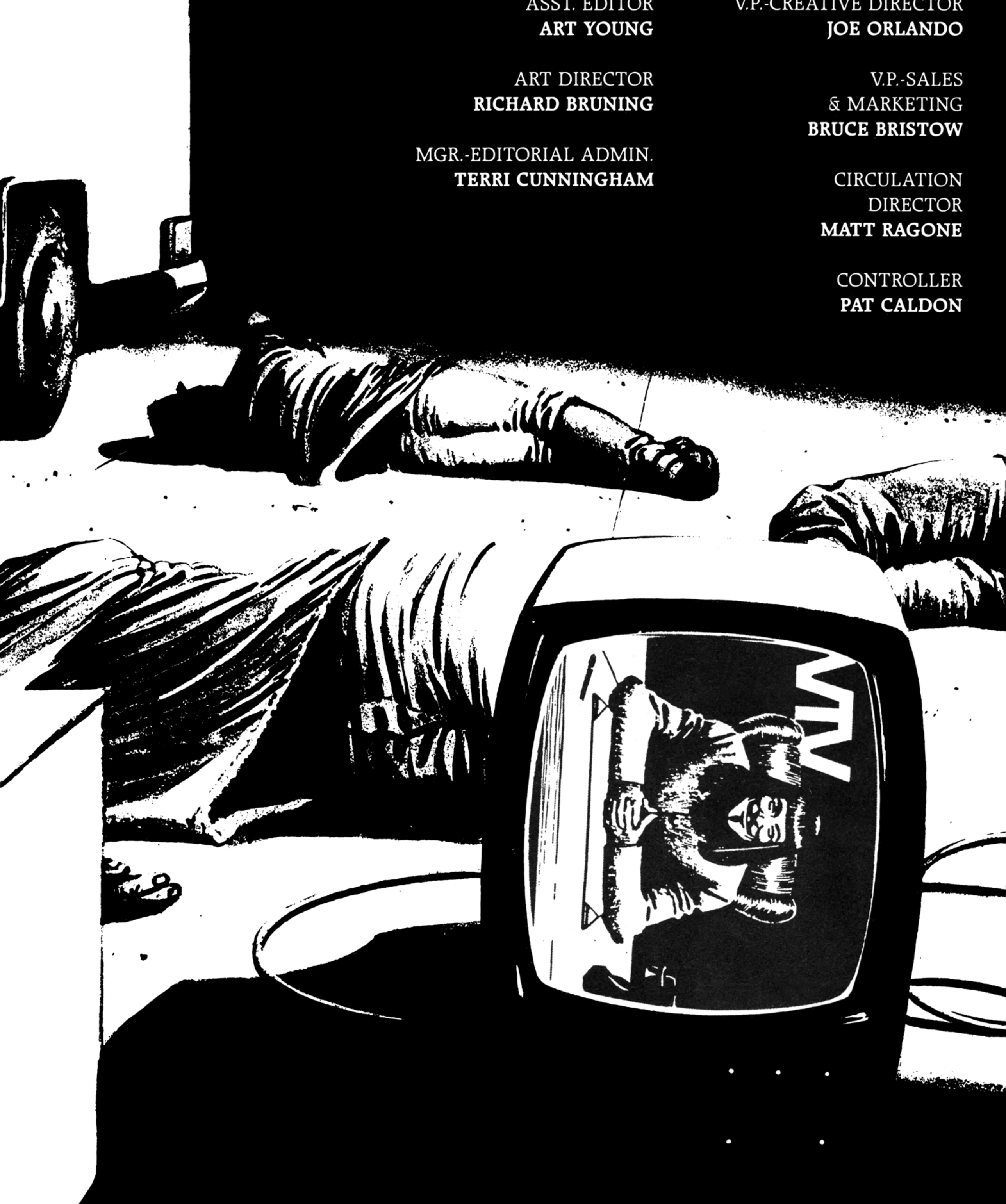

Photo: Mitch Jenkins

THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.